

The Bee

"By Industry we Thrive."

L. & N. TIME TABLE.

NORTH.
Mail Express to Lexington, Ky., 11:10 p.m.
Richmond, Va., 11:30 p.m.
Baltimore, Md., 11:45 p.m.
Washington, D.C., 12:00 a.m.
New York, N.Y., 12:15 a.m.
Boston, Mass., 12:30 a.m.
Philadelphia, Pa., 12:45 a.m.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 1:00 a.m.
Cleveland, Ohio, 1:15 a.m.
Chicago, Ill., 1:30 a.m.
St. Louis, Mo., 1:45 a.m.
Kansas City, Mo., 2:00 a.m.
Denver, Colo., 2:15 a.m.
Salt Lake City, Utah, 2:30 a.m.
Portland, Ore., 2:45 a.m.
San Francisco, Cal., 3:00 a.m.

SOUTH.
Mail Express from Lexington, Ky., 11:10 p.m.
Richmond, Va., 11:30 p.m.
Baltimore, Md., 11:45 p.m.
Washington, D.C., 12:00 a.m.
New York, N.Y., 12:15 a.m.
Boston, Mass., 12:30 a.m.
Philadelphia, Pa., 12:45 a.m.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 1:00 a.m.
Cleveland, Ohio, 1:15 a.m.
Chicago, Ill., 1:30 a.m.
St. Louis, Mo., 1:45 a.m.
Kansas City, Mo., 2:00 a.m.
Denver, Colo., 2:15 a.m.
Salt Lake City, Utah, 2:30 a.m.
Portland, Ore., 2:45 a.m.
San Francisco, Cal., 3:00 a.m.

IN CITY SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1906.
In City Sunday, May 1, 1906.

W. F. WITHERS, Agent.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS AT

NORTONVILLE.

GOING EAST.

Memphis to Central City, 5:40 a.m.

Memphis to Nashville, 6:10 a.m.

Memphis to Louisville, 7:45 a.m.

GOING WEST.

Louisville to Memphis, 10:10 a.m.

Nashville to Memphis, 11:30 a.m.

Central City to Memphis, 12:15 p.m.

Earlington Happenings.

News Notes - Personal Paragraphs and

Other Items at Home Worth of

Special Mention.

Keep cool and don't worry, don't fret

and don't hurry.

A beautiful line of Silk Waist Patterns

at D. L. McLeod & Co.'s.

You should hear the welcome address of

Mayor Harb, tonight, at the M. E. Church.

Guests: Linen Collars, regular price \$1.50,

now 80 cents at D. L. McLeod & Co.'s.

Next Wednesday, July 4th, will be the

celebration of the great K. P. celebration

at Lakeside Park.

Bargains in all Silk Ribbons at Mrs.

McLeod's.

For special rates to Old Point Comfort,

contact the care of W. A. Wilson, in an

other column.

Trimmed hats at one-half their value

now at Mrs. McLeod's.

"All run down" from weakening effects

of warm weather, you need a good tonic

and blood purifier like the Herk's Serrapilla.

Try it.

Everything in the Millinery Line sold at

greatly reduced prices at Mrs. McLeod's.

If you want good service from your watch

see J. H. Oiler.

The largest and cheapest assortment of

pickpockets and purses in the city at

W. C. McLeod's.

When people are ill and dyspeptic, they

need a tonic, and a tonic is what Dr. King's

Great Peppermint Cure will give them.

Gen's Perfect Perfumery, under

regular price \$1.50, now \$1.00 at D. L.

McLeod & Co.'s.

"How to Cure all Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWANSON'S OINTMENT."

No internal medicine required. Cures

eczema, itch, eruptions on the face,

head, neck, arms, leaving the skin clear,

smooth and healthy. Its great medicinal

properties are proven by no other

remedy. Ask your druggist for SWANSON'S

OINTMENT.

Out of the Old and into the New.

The work of the past is being

done up in a new house for W. C.

Coughlin is being pushed to rapid completion

in a few days and will be occupied by

the owners, when our readers will remember

that he suffered a total loss of his house and

contents by fire last year. Mr. John Harb,

the gentle owner whose taste the building

is taking form and dimension.

Hard to Kill. The Earlington Gun

Club met one evening

last week, at least a few of its members

gathered together for the purpose of demolishing

iron balls. The score, which will interest

the shooters and their friends, is here

given for the edification of those who

are not so much concerned with the

results of their shooting as with the

results of their shooting as with the

results of their shooting as with the

results of their shooting as with the

results of their shooting as with the

results of their shooting as with the

results of their shooting as with the

results of their shooting as with the

results of their shooting as with the

results of their shooting as with the

results of their shooting as with the

results of their shooting as with the

results of their shooting as with the

PROGRAMME

OF THE

Green River District Conference

At the M. E. Church.

A FOUR DAYS' SESSION.

The following is the order in which

the service will be conducted during the

session of the Green River District

Conference, commencing to-day (Thursday)

and continuing to Sunday night.

FIRST DAY - EVENING SESSION.

7:45 P. M. - Sacrament of the Lord's Supper

Organizational of the District.

7:45 P. M. - Welcome Address, by Hon.

W. F. Barr.

SECOND DAY - MORNING SESSION.

9:30 A. M. - Devotional Exercises, Rev.

H. R. Hamilton.

9:30 A. M. - Conference Business.

11:00 A. M. - Sermon, Rev. C. A. Ashford.

EVENING SESSION.

7:45 P. M. - What are the Best Methods

of Extending Mission Work? Revs. D.

Kerr and H. H. Hayes.

7:45 P. M. - How to Promote Scriptural

Teaching, Revs. E. B. Timmons and J. B.

Polman.

7:45 P. M. - Devotional Exercises, Rev.

E. L. Carson.

7:45 P. M. - Ministerial Session, Rev. J.

W. Turner.

THIRD DAY - MORNING SESSION.

9:30 A. M. - Conference Business.

11:00 A. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. S. Miller.

EVENING SESSION.

7:45 P. M. - Impact and Most Inter-

esting Abolitionist, Rev. W. H. Spivey and J.

W. Turner.

7:45 P. M. - Education, Prof. L. C. M.

Ellenberger.

7:45 P. M. - Why Support our own

Church? Rev. W. H. Spivey and J. W.

Turner.

7:45 P. M. - Devotional Exercises, Rev.

J. H. Davis.

7:45 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. W. H. Spivey.

FOURTH DAY - MORNING SESSION.

9:30 A. M. - Conference Business.

11:00 A. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

EVENING SESSION.

7:45 P. M. - Children's Meeting.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. W. H. Spivey.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

9:30 P. M. - Sermon, Rev. J. W. Turner.

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

STORY

OF THE

<

Easy to Take

And Perfect in Their Action.

AYER'S PILLS

Never fail to relieve Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Headache.

"I have proved the value of Ayer's Pills in relieving dyspepsia and headache, with which complaints I was so long troubled that neither the doctor nor myself supposed I should ever be well again. Through the use of the above medicine I am better than I have been for years."

A. G. KILLICK, Versailles, Ill.

"I have given Ayer's Pills for 15 years as a cathartic. I have a complaint, and always with extremely beneficial effect, never having had need of other medicine. I also give Ayer's Pills to my children, when they require an aperient, and with perfect success."

Mrs. L. E. EATON, Center Conway, N. H.

"I have been severely afflicted with constipation. I was induced to give Ayer's Pills. They have effected a complete cure, and I am considerably recovered."

—C. A. WHITMAN, Nipmuc, Conn.

AYER'S PILLS

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

A Tragic Tradition Translated by the Win-

chester Herald.

The days of the young chiefdom

Mich-ah-ma-ka were numbered and

listening on heart in the night, calling

"Come Mich-ah-ma-ka, she waits for

thee."

The spirits who dwell in the earth,

the air, the fire and the water, had al-

ready told her and that the young chief

of the Winnebago would soon

change the sorrowful cry of earth

for the happy hunting grounds; but he

was still young, his eyes were still keen

and clear and the snow of age had not

yet touched the midlight darkness of

his hair. No man could tell what was

the cause of his strange malady.

Ever since one unfortunate day he

was seized with a strange ailment, and

scarcely taken of food or drink. As he

came to his door and they told him that

the Winnebago had taken the way

path, he let his informant go away

without one word of answer and re-

mained resting quietly on his bed of

grass.

Some say that he had not been in the

moon of the blossoming hills, out

upon that lake to which our nation

men give their name. Some say that

sign—No. At the beginning of the

term the president announced that one

of the freshmen was an ex-convict, but

he refused to tell which one it was—

—Boston News.

"Oscar," said Mrs. Constance, who

had been nursing a doctor on art in

her weekly paper, "what do you reckon

it's for?"

"A big figure," I shan't—mine may be

it, but I suppose to be the price of eggs."

—Washington Post.

"Kiss me," said the girl.

"Mother (to married daughter)—Don't

you think my photograph is good?"

"Daughter—I should say so. When I

showed it to Tom, it scared him. It is so

like like—Texas Siftings.

"Oscar," said Mrs. Constance, who

had been nursing a doctor on art in

her weekly paper, "what do you reckon

it's for?"

"A big figure," I shan't—mine may be

it, but I suppose to be the price of eggs."

—Washington Post.

"Kiss me," said the girl.

"Mother (to married daughter)—Don't

you think my photograph is good?"

"Daughter—I should say so. When I

showed it to Tom, it scared him. It is so

like like—Texas Siftings.

"Oscar," said Mrs. Constance, who

had been nursing a doctor on art in

her weekly paper, "what do you reckon

it's for?"

"A big figure," I shan't—mine may be

it, but I suppose to be the price of eggs."

—Washington Post.

"Kiss me," said the girl.

"Mother (to married daughter)—Don't

you think my photograph is good?"

"Daughter—I should say so. When I

showed it to Tom, it scared him. It is so

like like—Texas Siftings.

"Oscar," said Mrs. Constance, who

had been nursing a doctor on art in

her weekly paper, "what do you reckon

it's for?"

AN EAR FOR MUSIC.

He Training should be a Part of Every

Child's Education.

In the good old times they used to

teach a person who did not possess

distinctive talents as having no ear for

music and the child of whom this was

said was never very expertly

acquiring such a thing, his development

as regards music being considered

hopeless. But in these days, when the

times it is declared that no child with

a normal phlegma—that is, with a

normal meeting the usual requirements of

hearing—is hopelessly deficient in the

matter of music. The total extent of the

power to discriminate between tones

or to give pitch correctly will always

always agree either an ill-formed ear,

a species of deafness, or a deficiency

of power. When it is observed that a

child does not try to imitate itself,

it does not make little attempts at song

when about a year old, it may then be

is suspected that the sense of melody, the

power to distinguish tones, is absent or

deficient, since most children, as soon

as they can walk, will make imita-

tion of some that can be recognized in the

fragments of tunes that are sung to

them.

Most generally, when a man has reached

maturity, and still has no ear for music,

it is owing to neglect in childhood.

A soft answer turneth away wrath,

but a tough answer, in the hands of an

untrained voice, settles down to a

confusion throughout the family circle,

and at home and in the street, it is

the repetition of a few tones till the ear

is almost deafened by the sound.

And carry the sense of their differ-

ences to the brain, and the brain has

to turn toward the voice to be heard.

Some times the brain never

learns this well perfectly, even when

trained up as a child in the school of

music.

When the voice is able to express the

emotions of the heart, it is the

highest and noblest of all the

faculties of the human mind.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

It is the power to feel and to

express, and it is the power to

communicate with the world.

Believe not when this enemy falls

and let not thine heart be glad when

he slings a stone at a man.

He is a villain and a traitor, thy

neighbor is in a contention over a line

of land, say "I will do him up as he

deserves to be."

Confidence in an unfaithful man

is like a house built on sand.

A prudent man foreseeth the

storm and maketh his house fast.

The wicked see when no man

looketh, and they strengthen their

hold.

The wayfarer man streeth up

and the fruit-tree pender abideth

in transgression.—Chicago Times.

Humming out.

Hungry Higgins looked over the fence

and saw a sign that nearly paralyzed

him. He looked again. Yes, it was too

true, Dional Harmon was wearing

what was called a "what do you

mean?" sign.

Mr. Harmon was asked, "What do

you mean?" and he answered, "I

mean that I am a man who is

in a position to do a great deal of

business."

A Ditch Head.

Mrs. Ladlike—Now, tell me, Bridget,

you have a husband?

Bridget—Well, ma, I'm not

married, but I'm in a house with

two husbands.—Judge.

A Long Awful Feller.

Investor—I have it now—just what

a suffering man is waiting for. It's

a new patent gun.

Dealer—What's the improve-

ment?

Investor—Whenever it is pointed

around by fools who don't know it's

loaded, it will shoot backward.—

News.

WHY HE HATED SPRING.

He Knew the Rainy Season Was No Friend

to Him.

As the lovely spring brought forth

the first of the "old-time" women

were standing on the forward dock.

The first looked very cheerful and the

second the picture of a woman who

"noted," remarked the first man,

as he stood his terrible black whiskers

with a chuckle, "that the lot is

of the river at last."

"I am very sorry," replied the second

man, gloomily, "I love her."

"It is very nice in a drink," observed

the man with the toothless white-

ness, "but I can't truthfully say that

I care for it in the river. And only this

morning I saw a happy blacked

about the row tree at my door."

"Blacked is blacked," replied the

second part, with emphasis.

"Blacked always make me weary

and, besides, they're so good in a

pot."

"Still, the first man was so bent on

venting his enthusiasm on the advent

of spring, that once more he began:

"The time are becoming so soft and

radiant that it feels like July. I feel

sure that the frost is gone, and that

we shall shortly enjoy a steady

in the average frost-free days, don't you?

"I hope not. Only the drinks that

are three-quarters ice."

"How is that?"

"Why, because I love the winter.

There is more music to me in a

delight than there is in a

delightful. The winter is so

delightful. The winter is so

delightful. The winter is so

delightful. The winter is so